SPORTS REVIEW

April 1983

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Wrestling

HOW BACKLUND STOLE THE WWF BELT FROM ME... AGAIN!
By SUPERSTAR BILLY GRAHAM

WILL THE QUEST FOR THE NWA TAG TEAM TITLE TEAR THE BRISCOS APART?

THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR BEAUTY WHO DARE NOT LOSE!

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A fascinating blonde beauty has everything anyone could ask for in life. However, she could lose it all in one incredible battle with the most ferocious Amazon in apartment wrestling history

THE MAID BURNED the toast again. Belinda finished breakfast and pushed her tray aside. There was still time for another hour's beauty rest before the masseuse was due to arrive. Belinda could never get enough of silk sheet luxury.

For six months, the blonde beauty had been living the great life. Her every whim was indulged by one of the richest men in the world. The penthouse apartment she called home was in one of New York's most exclusive buildings, overlooking Central Park. Naturally, her benefactor picked up the rent bill, or rather, one of his many companies did. It's not sure how he wrote off Belinda's designer fashions, gourmet meals, and lavish presents. The exquisite woman didn't worry about such things.

Belinda had only one worry. She was living the life of luxury because of her great skill as an apartment wrestler. Whenever the tycoon saw her conquer an equally beautiful young lady in combat, his every sense pulsated from her savage fury. He could no more resist her magnificence than he could stop breathing. He was captive of her power, and too happy to complain. The electric delight he felt in watching her was worth more

Apartment Wrestling's Biggest Gamble:

THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR BEAUTY WHO D

than anything Belinda could want.

So he decided to make sure this incredible Amazon got what she wanted. Like his stable of race horses, Belinda was given the best care, the best accommodations, and the best service. He rarely spoke to Belinda, and almost never visited the apartment. To him, she was just another animal it gave him pleasure to watch. It didn't interest him to take the relationship into any other areas. All he desired was the knowledge of possession.

That suited Belinda fine. Her benefactor never interfered in her private life; he only made it perfect. Still, there was a sword dangling over the beauty's head. If ever she should fall from favor, if ever she should lose, her riches would be taken away.

Belinda didn't plan to lose. She was having too much fun. A friend dubbed her "The Six-Million-Dollar Woman" and she liked the way it sounded. Even the little things, like the doormen scurrying to get her a cab, delighted the lady. This was the best of all possible worlds, and she planned to keep it that way.

When her masseuse arrived, Belinda was happy as a kitten. That contentment didn't last long.

As the masseuse spread coconut oil over Belinda's lithe body, she informed the warrior, "I hear Pamela is to be your next opponent." The masseuse increased the pressure as Belinda's body tensed. "Now, now, pet," the masseuse continued, "relax. You still have

Blonde beauty Belinda's face is contorted in agony as Pamela digs her talon-like nails into Belinda's face and neck.

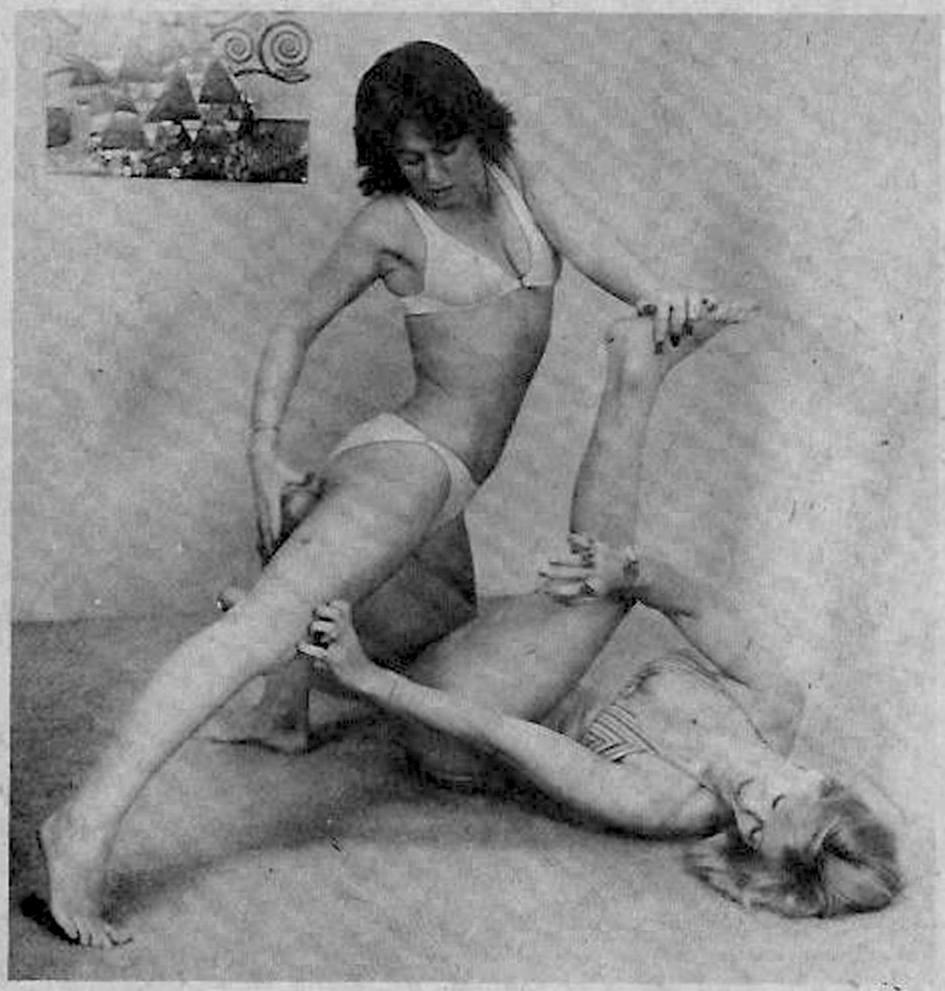
ARE NOT LOSE!

a week before the match. No sense worrying about it now. You're just making my job that much harder." Fingers dug hard into Belinda's flesh, trying to loosen muscles constricting from panic.

The massage was a war between the masseuse's fingers and Belinda's nerves. Visions of her old studio apartment and hotplate dinners swarmed through Belinda's brain. The scuffling for rent money, the lousy job at Bloomingdale's; her nightmare past could become her future. Pamela was back.

A year ago, Belinda had been devastated by Pamela. It was a cruel exhibition of grappling dominance. The battle left its sour aftermath in the pit of the spectators' bellies; it went on too long and Belinda suffered too much. Pamela proved herself a bully consumed by killer instinct.

Once someone dominates an opponent like Pamela dominated Belinda, the smart money says the winner will always conquer. Something in the loser's head, a memory of the pain perhaps, makes her scared, clumsy and helpless. By all rights, Pamela would have no trouble mauling Belinda once again.



Belinda's legs are spread so far apart she must feel the voluptuous limbs are about to snap.

Yet, Belinda knew what would happen if her protector's favor transfered to Pamela. She couldn't afford to lose. There was a week to prepare. Not a moment would be wasted.

While Belinda trained with monastic intensity, Pamela renewed her acquaintances in New York City. When she left the city eight months ago, she'd been the toast of the jet set, the wealthy, and a select group of the more successful artists. From Sutton Place to Soho, her arrival was greeted with celebration.

As Pamela applies pressure to a toehold, Belinda prepares to bite her beautiful brunette opponent's leg.

When people told her of Belinda's good fortune, Pamela's face took on the expression of a hungry shark. By this time next week, she assured her companions, Belinda's good fortune would be Pamela's own.

There were plenty of people eager to tell Belinda of Pamela's threats. The blonde heard the news time and time again. Each time she laughed; a horrible, choking laugh that stuck in her craw and chilled the listener. Some said she trembled, others didn't notice. Her maid claimed to have heard Belinda scream in the night, victimized by nightmares, but the two women never got along.

The night of the match, most of New York's wealthy filled the penthouse of Belinda's benefactor. This was the fitting arena for such a brawl. It was no accident that the patron seated himself in the huge *Louis Quatorze* armchair; this modern Sun King was ready to preside

over his realm. The more sensitive apartment wrestling spectators didn't show this night; they didn't want to see a repetition of the last match. Also, it takes a certain ghoulish sensibility to witness Belinda's anguish if she lost. It was a cruel crowd this night, men used to seeing inferiors squirm. Belinda could sense this as she walked quickly to the bedroom.

Pamela too could sense the bloodlust of the crowd, and it delighted her. She was one of them, use to savoring victory over the fallen foe. These were her people, and she was determined to please them. The lioness had come to reclaim her domain. There was only a hint of her powerful grace as she strode to another dressing room. When the dress came off and her magnificent body clothed only in a bikini, then her jungle majesty would be revealed. As far as Pamela was concerned, her victory was only minutes away. The enjoyment of her previous massacre flooded her senses.

Soon, all was in readiness. The women were summoned from the bedrooms. Each was dazzling. However, Pamela moved with the confidence of a conqueror. Belinda looked more like a cornered animal ready to fight for its life. In fact, that descripton pretty well described Belinda's situation. As for the tycoon, he looked like the emperor impatient for the festivities to start.

The signal was given. Pamela slowly approached Belinda as the blonde stood her ground. Then, with lightning swiftness, Pamela's arm slashed through the air and the back of her hand smacked against Belinda's temple. The blonde sprawled on the carpet. The crowd was pleased. It would be a slaughter.

Belinda had other ideas. With ferocious grace, she sent her feet smashing into Pamela's belly. Belinda's body was a missile of torment; Pamela doubled over from its power. Belinda sprang to her feet and leaped on the pained brunette.

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With a passionate fury borne of fear, Belinda delivers a painful chop to the brunette's neck. Many in attendance thought they heard a-loud "snap" at this point, signaling a broken neck for beautiful Pamela.

Apartment Wrestling

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An instant later, Pamela felt her head being crushed in Belinda's vise-like grip. The blonde's face was a mask of rage as she mercilessly tightened her hold. Pamela's face grew red and grunts escaped her lips. The powerful body struggled desperately but without intelligence. Instinct for survival guided every clumsy move.

It was too early in the match, however, for a conquest of strength. Pamela had the reserves to force an escape. Once free, she rolled to the other side of the room. Her look of easy conquest was gone. Now, her expression spoke of cold fury. The spectators leaned forward in their chair. Belinda's benefactor never seemed happier.

Above: Now it's Pamela's turn to try and break her opponent's neck. Below: Pam's knee hits Belinda flush in the mouth, a very painful experience.

Belinda wraps her arm around the lush brunette's neck while her nails work their torture over her back.

Belinda took the advantage. In a blur of action, she twisted Pamela's arm, turned the brunette around, and then kicked hard to the back of Pamela's knee. The victim crumpled to the carpet. Belinda was on her in a flash. The blonde's fist pummeled the fallen battler. Belinda wasn't interested in winning. She wanted to inflict pain.

It was easy for Pamela to escape. Capture hadn't been Belinda's intent. That was one mistake Belinda made.

Pamela'a rage knew no bounds. She rushed Belinda, grabbed the brunette around the waist, and lifted her high in the air. Belinda tried to struggle free, but Pamela's motion was too swift. In an incredible display of power, the brunette threw her victim against the wall. The crack of Belinda's head smaching into wood resounded throughout the room.

Groggy, clumsy, Belinda tried to struggle to safety. It was no use. Pamela smashed a fist into the blonde's mid-section. Belinda gasped for air as she crawled away. Pamela didn't let her go far.

Belinda felt Pamela's powerful grasp choking her mercilessly. The brunette knew just where to

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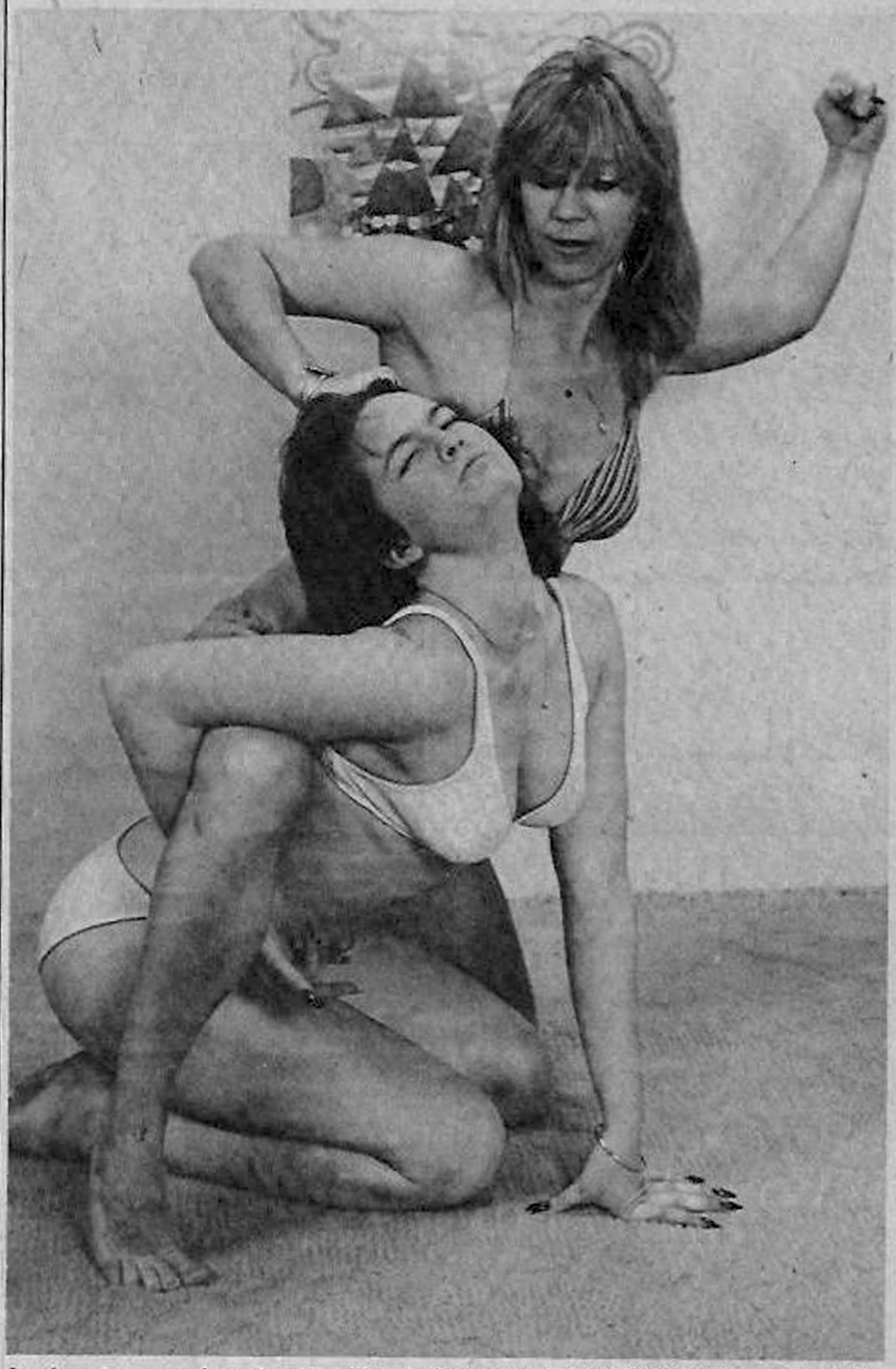
(Continued from Page 58)

hit as her fingers clawed at Belinda's neck. The blonde jerked across the carpet like a windblown puppet, tears streaming down her face and horrible gasps coming from her throat.

It looked like the end. Pamela remembered the previous match. Every nerve tingled with the promise of torture. For that reason, she released Belinda to continue her mauling. Some in the crowd cheered. The wealthy



An almost unconscious Pamela will be in even more pain as Belinda prepares to strike the brunette a hard blow across the face. Few have ever seen two women as ruthless and cruel as these two beauties.

benefactor sat with eyes gleaming.

For the next few minutes, only the sadistic enjoyed themselves. Every movement brought new agonies to Belinda. Pamela's assault mercilessly tormented the blonde's face, neck, breasts, belly, thighs and calves. Hideous welts and contusions dappled Belinda's beautiful frame. Despite her horror, Belinda refused to surrender. She was driven by more than fear of losing her livelihood. Something inside forced her to go on. It was that something which allowed her to survive.

Belinda's legs flashed out and snared Pamela around the calves. Pamela went down face first. Belinda awkwardly leaped on top of her foe, driving her knee into the small of Pamela's back. The brunette jerked almost back upon herself, giving the spectators a perfect look at her agonized expression. It fed Belinda's bloodlust, restoring the blonde's strength.

Belinda grabbed Pamela's long legs and began to drag the brunette across the carpet. The breasts and belly rubbed against the rug, burning flesh with every inch of the forced journey. Pamela rilled and twisted, trying desperately to end her torture. But Belinda, in spite of her weakened condition, held firm.

At times, it seemed like the task was also torturing Belinda. Sweat poured down her lush body as the exertion reached superhuman heights. Battered but not broken, she used all her strength to drag her foe across the room. Eyes closed, grunting from pain, she continued this odyssey. Finally, she stumbled and fell.

Now both women were free. Yet, the wages of battle lay heavy on both of them. Their movements were constricted by injury. Two lesser warriors would

(Continued on page 64)

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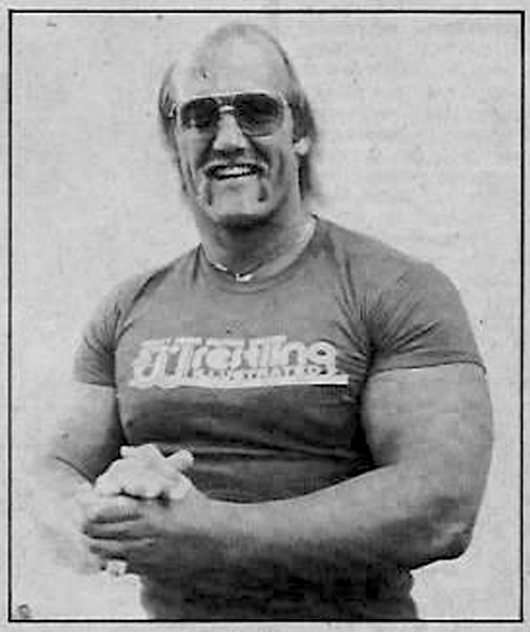

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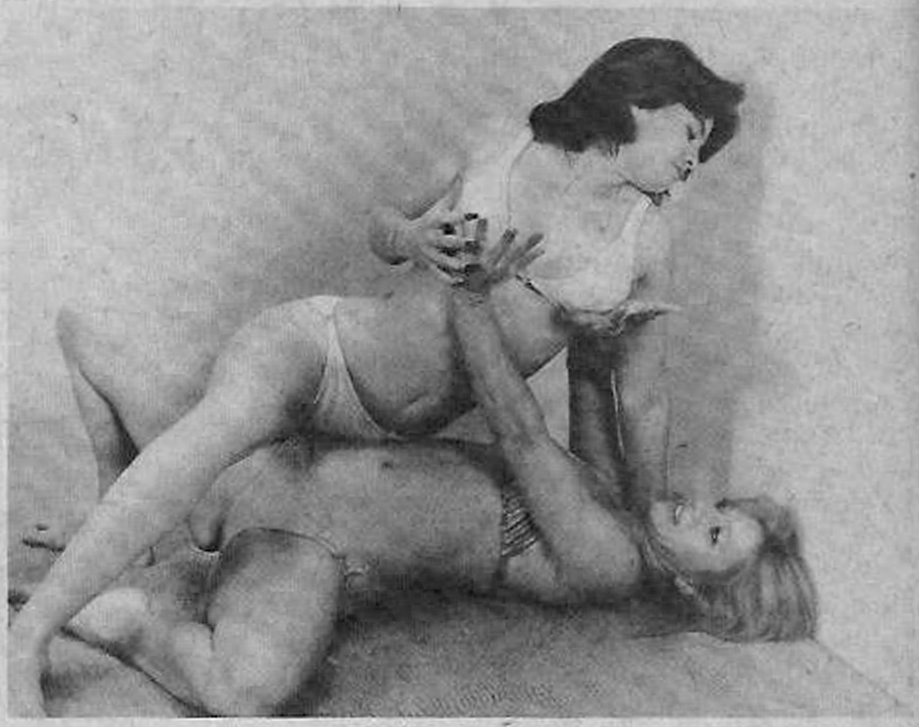


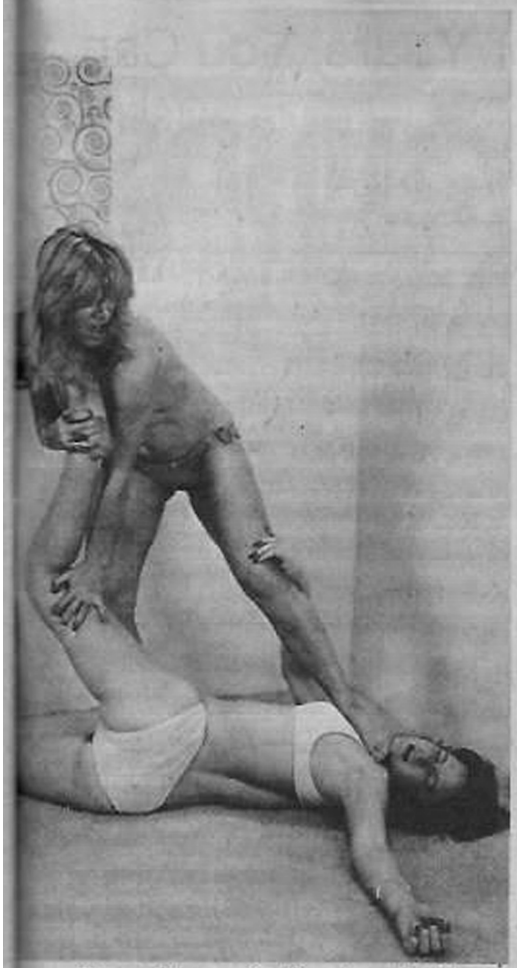
A cornered Belinda pushes the flat of her palm hard onto Pam's breast (above). The two women war to the end (below).

have surrendered. But this was the match each woman knew would one day come. It had to be seen to its finish, whatever the consequences.

Pamela moved first, rushing at Belinda. The smack of flesh resounded throughout the apartment as the beauties, locked in abominable embrace, clawing and tearing in senseless fury. People watched in fascination as two magnificent battlers, driven by instinct and deprived of reason, waged war on the most primitive level of all—the instinct of hatred.

The action grew slow and clumsy. Cries and moans mingled until they became one melody of pain. There was no winner or loser, only pain and madness. And the battle continued.

Finally, something snapped in Pamela's will. Every limb went limp and she fell unconscious. Belinda, too driven to realize what happened, beat upon her senseless foe as a child plays with a rag doll. Someone had to pull



The end is near for Pamela as her blonde foe pulls on her lithe leg. Both women proved their worth—and beauty.

her off. She kept struggling for about 20 seconds, her body unable to cease its motion. Then, as if anesthetized, she collapsed.

The two women were carried into the bedrooms. Neither knew what the outcome of the match had been. Their last conscious memory was of a valiant struggle.

Belinda woke up the next morning in her own bed. Every muscle in her body was stiff and aching. The maid was sent away without serving breakfast. Food was the last thing on Belinda's mind. She knew she had won the match because she was still living in the penthouse.

Was it worth it? Could any luxury be worth this agony? Belinda slid her body across the silk sheets and knew it was worth every scrape and cut. □

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